

WEIRD!

FANTASTIC!

ASTOUNDING!

BAFFLING

MAY

10c



MYSTERIES

ARISE AND FOLLOW THE DISCIPLE
OF EVIL WHO IS CALLING US
FORTH TO DO THE BIDDING
OF THE MASTER /



First Lieutenant
Henry A. Commiskey, USMC
Medal of Honor



ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol, Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleared out another machine. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill. Lieutenant Commiskey says:

"After all, only a limited number of Americans need serve in uniform. But, thank God there are millions more who are proving their devotion in another vitally important way. People like you, whose 50-billion-dollar investment in U.S. Defense Bonds helps make America so strong no Commie can crack us from within! That counts plenty!"

"Our bullets alone can't keep you and your family peacefully secure. But our bullets—and your Bonds—do!"

* * *

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Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity
save with U.S. Defense Bonds!



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SNAKES **LIVE!**

OUT OF THE THICK JUNGLE-LIKE GROWTH AT AIRPORT SQUARE, UNBELIEVABLE DISASTER STRUCK SUDDENLY. . . THE NIGHT STEVE FINNEY, STAR WALKER OF SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY, WENT STROLLING WITH EVELYN BRANER FOR WHOM HE WENT TO THE CAR FOR HER WRAP, ON HIS RETURN TO THE AIRPORT HE SAW SOME THING THAT TURNED HIS THOUGHTS FROM ROMANCE TO FEAR

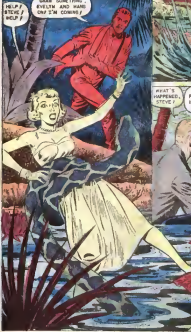
HELP /
STEVE /
HELP !

SAVE SOMETHING .
EVELYN AND MARY
AND I'M COMING !



WHAT'S
HAPPENED,
STEVE ?

A BIG SNAKE -- BIG AS A
PYTHON! IT DRAGGED EVELYN
INTO THE PALMETTOS! WE'VE GOT
TO FIND HER BEFORE IT KILLS
HER !





HERE'S EVELYN'S BODY, BUT SHE'S DROWNED AND MANGLED—LIKE SOMETHING CRUSHED HER!

THERE'S NO SNAKES THAT I CAN FIND—NOT EVEN ANY SNAKE HEREABOUTS!



WHATEVER KILLED POOR EVELYN WAS PLENTY POWERFUL!

THEN IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A SNAKE! WE'VE GOT RATTLESN, MOCCASINS, AND SACK, BUT NOTHING BIG LIKE A PYTHON IN THESE PARTS. YOU MEAN YOU THINK I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT, NANCY?



I'M JUST SAYING THAT YOUR STORY DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU'RE HOT-HEADED, STEVE, AND WHAT WITH NO WITNESSES—

WELL, YOU—

NANCY I SAW IT ALL!



CLAUDETTE LEBLANC! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE POOL?

TAKING A SWIM, OF COURSE! THE SPRINGS ARE ALWAYS WARM. ANYWAY, IT WAS A PYTHON THAT CRUSHED EVELYN! I SAW IT ALL!



THANKS, CLAUDETTE! IT'S LUCKY YOU WERE AROUND!

I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP YOU, STEVE. ANY TIME YOU NEED ME, YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME!



STEVE DON'T NEED CLAUDETTE'S FURTHER TESTIMONY...THE WHOLE BRIM TRAILER WAS INSURED AND ALPHRED SPANED THOROUGHLY SECURED UNTIL THE AUTHORITIES WERE ASSURED THE PLACE WAS SAFE...BUT STEVE THOMAS STILL FELT UNEASY WHEN HE STROLLED THERE WITH MARION BRIDGER ON SENIOR CLASS DAY...

WAIT, MARION! DON'T GO OVER THAT BRIDGE! IT'S WHERE EVELYN—IT—WELL, IT JUST WENT SAFE!

DON'T BE STUPID, STEVE. BUT STAY ON YOUR SIDE IF YOU WANT! I'LL FACE YOU TO THE HEAD OF THE SPRINGS!



STEVE! HELP! HELP ME!

ARM, DEATH AND HORROR HAD STRUCK AT ALFREDO SPRINGS?... ONCE MORE, THE ACCUSED FINGER POINTED STRAIGHT AT STEVE TINNEY, WHEN— AS BEFORE— THE SAME WITNESS APPEARED IN HIS BEHALF...

I TELL YOU, A HUGE PYTHON GOT HER! I WAS CLEAR OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POOL!

YOU DISHED OUT THAT SAME STORY WHEN YOU STRANGLED EVELYN. THIS TIME IT'S NO GOOD, STEVE!

WHAT?



I WAS SWIMMING HERE LIKE THE OTHER TWO. I HEARD POOR MARCIA SCREAM—I SAW STEVE PLUNGE INTO THE POOL, TO SAVE HER— TOO LATE!

WELL, LIGHTNING MAY NOT STRIKE IN THE SAME PLACE TWICE, BUT I GUESS PYTHONS DO! THAT SHOULD CLEAR YOU, STEVE!



CLEAR STEVE IT DID, AND IT MARKED THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING MORE THAN A MERE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN STEVE TINNEY AND CLAUDETTE LEBLANC.

I WANT TO THANK YOU AGAIN, CLAUDETTE, FOR HELPING ME THE WAY YOU DID. DON'T MENTION IT, STEVE. REALLY, IT WAS NOTHING!



I FEEL SO SAFE WITH YOU, STEVE! LET'S TAKE A STROLL OVER BY ALFREDO SPRINGS!

ALL RIGHT— AS LONG AS YOU DON'T GET OUT OF MY SIGHT—OR REACH!



SEE? NO SHAMER IN SIGHT? ANYWAY, I WOULDN'T WANT TO GET OUT OF YOUR REACH, STEVE!

THE PLACE STILL OWES ME THE CREEPS. LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!



THEY SARE CONSIDERABLE AND AMONG THE RETURNING ALONG WAS TOM STORLEY, WHO HAD BRAGGADOZZED FROM STATE THE YEAR BEFORE.

WHY, TOM STORLEY— WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN THE PAST YEAR? IN THE FAR EAST, TAKING PICTURES. BUT TELL ME, MADEIRA—WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT STEVE TINNEY AND THOSE CRAZY STRANGLERS?



IT WAS A LOT OF NONSENCE, TOM! LOOK—THERE'S STEVE NOW, WITH CLAUDETTE LEBLANC. SHE'S THE GIRL WHO TESTIFIED HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT ALL HAPPENED...

(GASP) WHY, THEN— THAT GIRL? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I MUST SEE STEVE RIGHT AWAY!



"TON, OLD BOY! WELL, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU TOOK OFF TO THE WEST INDIES--AND THAT'S A YEAR AGO! WHERE DID YOU GO AFTER THAT?"

"NEVER MIND RIGHT NOW. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT WEST INDIAN CRUISE AND YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN!"



"AS YOU KNOW, STEVE, I ALWAYS HAD A WAY OF BLENDING INTO PLACES WHERE I WASN'T WANTED. ... SO IN HAITI, I GOT UP AMONG THE HILLS AND SNEAKED INTO A WOODS-CIRCLE ..."



"SOMETHING WAS WHIRLING IN THE DUST AND AS IT PEARED UP, I REALIZED THAT IT WAS A HARE SHAPE THAT THEY HAD CAPTURED."



"AND WHILE I STARED IN AMAZEMENT, THE THING'S COILING TAIL BECAME A COIL."



"AND THAT'S WHEN I TOOK A FLASHBOLT PHOTO IN THE EJECT-MENT AND THE CHAIRS OF THE PLACES, IF PASSES UNNOTICED."



"I GOT AWAY FROM THERE FAST BUT WHEN I LOOKED BACK, I SAW THAT THE WOODS-CIRCLE HAD TURNED INTO A SHAPE AGAIN."



"OUR OWN LEFT HAITI THE NEXT DAY AND I MENTIONED THE WOODS PICTURES TO OTHER PASSENGERS. AMONG THEM A GIRL NAMED CLAYTON BROWN ..."

"YOU HEAR YOU ACTUALLY TOOK PICTURES OF THE WOODS QUEEN FROM WONDERFUL!"

"COULD I SEE THOSE PICTURES, MR. STANLEY?"

"WELL, CERTAINLY, MISS BROWN!"



"WELL CLAUDIA BROWN WAS LOOKING AT THE PICTURES, A BRIDE CAUGHT THEM."

OH--THERE THEY GO! I'M SO SORRY!



AND WHEN I WENT BACK TO MY CARMINE, I FOUND THAT SOMEONE HAD STOLEN THE NEGATIVES BUT FORTUNATELY, ONE PRINT WAS CAUGHT ON THE RAIL. I MADE AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE VOODOO QUEEN'S FACE. TAKE A LOOK AT IT!



WHY, THIS IS A PICTURE OF CLAUDETTE LEBRON!

SHE ALSO HAPPENS TO BE CLAUDIA BROWN, THE VOODOO QUEEN! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR PICTURE, STEVE, AND THAT'S WHY I HAD IN MY CABIN SHE CAME HERE TO SHARE YOU!



WELL UNTIL I FIND CLAUDETTE, SHE'LL SETTLE THIS SUC-TION ONCE AND FOR ALL!

REMEMBER, STEVE, SHE'S DANGEROUS! SHE'S WHAT THEY CALL A PYTHONER, AND THAT'S WORSE THAN A COMBE!



STEVE-- COME BACK! IT'S HERE-- THE PYTHON--
AARRGH!



IT'S TOM STORLEY! SOME CRAZY KILLER MUST HAVE STRANGLED HIM!

THAT WAS STEVE TRACY WHO DROVE AWAY!

LET'S HUNT HIM UP AND THIS TIME WE WILL DEMAND A STRAIGHT ANSWER!

I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE, CLAUDETTE—OR SHOULD I CALL YOU CLAUDIA? I KNOW NOW WHO STRANDED EVELYN AND MARGIE. YOU DID—BUT WHY?



NOW I WANT THE TRUTH / UNLESS YOU ADMIT YOU'RE THE VOODOO QUEEN, I'LL CHOKER IT OUT OF YOU!



YOU CHOKER ME / THAT IS FUNNY / I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT CHOKERS REALLY IS, YOU POOL! ... AND TO THINK I CAME UP HERE FOR NOTHING—BOPPE YOU'D BE MY CONSORT ... JOIN OUR CULT ...!



OF COURSE I CRUSHED EVELYN AND MARGIE / THAT'S WHY I LURKED HERE, TO DISPOSE OF MY RIVALS / I KILLED TOM, TOO—BECAUSE HE KNEW MY SECRET. NOW YOU WILL DIE FOR THE SAME REASON!



IT'S THE PYTHON— / AND IT'S GOT GLUES AND / FROGGS / ANYTHING / MAYBE WE CAN STILL SAVE HIM!



THAT ROCK HIT THE SHARK / MAYBE I CRIPPLED IT!



HEAD IT OFF AND WE'LL BEAT THE BRUSH UNTIL WE FOUND IT UP! / POOR STEVE— / HE'S DEAD FOR SURE!

POOR STEVE! HE TRIED / TO SAVE ME / I— / I FELL AND BRUINED MY SIDE.

DON'T GIVE US THAT, SNAKE LADY! THAT'S WHERE THE ROCK HIT YOU. WE'VE GOT TOM'S PICTURE TO PROVE YOU WERE A PYTHON!



SO GLADIA BROWN, ALAS CLAUDETTE LEBRAVE, WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE COURT IN THE FIRST WITCHCRAFT TRIAL EVER HELD IN THE STATE OF FLORIDA ...

IT'S TRUE, YOUR HONOR / I AM A VOODOO PYTHONESS / WHEN THE URGE TO KILL COMES UPON ME I TURN INTO A MONSTROUS SNAKE AND CRUSH MY VICTIMS!

I WISH, YOUR HONOR, THAT ALL THIS IS TOO FANTASTIC TO BE CREDIBLE.

I AGREE!



I FEEL THAT WE MUST
BE SEDUCED BY THE CHARMS
OF THE NOTED PSYCHIATRIST,
DOCTOR LEMUEL PLATT...
WHAT IS YOUR OPINION,
DOCTOR PLATT?

CONFLICT THAT THE
PYTHON LEGEND
IS ALL DELUSION,
A HYPNOTIC
STATE INDUCED
THROUGH
HYSTERIA.

SOME PEOPLE THINK THEY
SEE SNAKES, SO IT IS
LOGICAL THAT OTHERS SHOULD
IMAGINE THEY BECAME SNAKES.
CLAUDETTE'S MILD COMPLEX
OVER STEVE'S DEATH COULD
GIVE HER SUCH
FIXATIONS.

I SHALL REMAND
YOU TO THE CUSTODY
OF DOCTOR PLATT,
SO THAT HE CUREN YOU
OF THESE
DELUSIONS!

OH, THANK
YOU,
JUDGE!



NOW THAT WE
ARE IN THE QUIET
OF MY SOUND-
PROOF OFFICE,
CLAUDETTE, YOU
CAN TELL YOUR
STORY AS IT
REALLY
HAPPENED!

VERY WELL,
DOCTOR.
WHEN I WAS
JUST A LITTLE
GIRL, I WAS
FRIGHTENED
BY A
SNAKE...

...AND IN MY DREAMS I
COULD SEE SLIMY, TWISTING,
SQUAWKY SNAKES. NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT, I FOUGHT THEM, UNTIL
FINALLY I BEGAN TO DREAM
I WAS A SNAKE!

...UNTIL I BECAME A SNAKE AND
WAS ATTRACTED TO THE VOODOO
RITES! NOW, WHEN THE URGE TO
KILL ARISES IN ME,
I HISS!

HELLPPP!



HELLPPP—I'M
BEING
STRANDED...
THERE'S A
HUGE SNAKE—
HERE IN THE
OFFICE—
CHOOING
ME!

CAN'T YOU
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT
IT?

OF COURSE, I'M TAKING
A RECORDING. DR. PLATT
ALWAYS LETS PATIENTS
HOWL IN CRAZY
NOTIONS. THAT'S ONE OF
THEM SHAKING NOW.
WE'LL PLAY THIS BACK TO HER
LATER!



FROM THE OFFICE WHERE DR. PLATT LAY
AS THE FIFTH VICTIM OF THE VOODOO
TERROR, A NIGHTY SNAKE SHERIFF AND
SLIDED OFF INTO THE FLORIDA JUNGLE,
LEAVING A SEALED ROOM MYSTERY TO
HIDE THE STRANGE STORY
OF CLAUDETTE LEBRON!

THE END

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#13

THE PIRATE LORE THAT STILL IS TOLD AND WRITTEN ABOUT, DOES NOT INCLUDE THE STRANGE TALE THAT TOOK PLACE MANY YEARS AGO. A PIRATE SHIP, ANCHORED OFF A SMALL ISLAND IN THE WEST INDIES, PUT OUT A LONGBOAT WITH THREE MEN AND A TREASURE CHEST ABOARD. THE CAPTAIN, MARTIN RILEY, AND TWO CREWMEN, WERE PREPARING TO BURY THEIR LOOT ON THE DESERTED ISLAND...



WHEN THE TREASURE CHEST WAS FINALLY SUNKED UNDER TEN FEET OF EARTH, THE TWO MURDERERS CARRIED OUT THEIR PLAN.



AS THE MORTALLY WOUNDED PIRATE LAY GASPING HIS LAST BREATH, HE UTTERED A SINISTER WARNING...

YOU WILL NOT HAVE MY TREASURE! I SHALL BE HERE TO GUARD IT FOR ETERNITY! THE CURSE OF DEATH TO ALL WHO CLAIM IT... AAAAAHH!



THE TWO MEN TOSSED THE DEAD CAPTAIN INTO THE SEA FOR THE SHARKS. THEY FLED TO THE MAINLAND TO AWAIT THE OPPORTUNITY OF RECOVERING THE PIRATE GOLD. THREE YEARS LATER AND THEY RETURNED TO THE ISLAND...



AFTER HOURS OF HARD DIGGING, THE CHEST OF GOLD WAS BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE. THE EXCITED MEN OPENED IT...



THE TERRIFIED MEN RAN TO THEIR BOAT, BUT ONLY ONE REACHED IT AND RAN TO SAFETY. THE OTHER MAN WAS PULLED BY THE SHARP CUTLASS OF CAPTAIN RILEY. WHEN THE MAN WHO ESCAPED RETURNED WITH HELP, THEY FOUND A BONY SCENE. AT THE SIDE OF THE OPEN CHEST, WAS THE IMPALED BODY OF HIS COMRADE, AND IN THE CHEST LAY THE SKELETON REMAINS OF CAPTAIN MARTIN RILEY! A GHOSTLY TALE TO BE RECORDED IN THE FILES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE END

Bazaar of the CURSED GOBLINS

ONE YEAR AGO, EVELYN, THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF SIR JOHN TREVELYAN, DIED A HORRIBLE DEATH—MORING, IN HER LAST MOMENTS, THAT ENOUGH DEAD, SHE WOULD RETURN . . . AND MAKE HER RUTHLESS HUSBAND SUFFER FOR HIS MONSTROUS CRUELTIES! AND NOW A GROUP OF GYPSIES HAVE CAMP ON THE ESTATE . . . WITH TAHIRA THE QUEEN . . . WHO COULD CONJURE UP THE VOICE OF THE DEAD EVELYN . . . AND WITH EVEN STRANGER POWERS UNKNOWN TO MORTALS . . . LEADING THEM . . . TO WHAT UNPREDICTABLE PHENOMENA?



EH, WHAT'S THIS, GYPSIES? NO, THERE I WHO DARES TO CAMP ON MY LAND WITHOUT PERMISSION? WHY ARE YOU HERE?

WE HAVE SUFFERED A LONG, HARD JOURNEY FROM ANOTHER WORLD TO BRING YOU A NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT THAT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET, SIR JOHN!



I AM TAHIRA, QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES! WE ARE ONLY TO SPEND THE NIGHT AND PERHAPS FURNISH AMUSEMENT TO YOUR PEOPLE!

YOU ABUSE ME ALREADY, OLD MAN! YOU MAY REMAIN THE NIGHT! I MUST SEE THIS ENTERTAINMENT PAUGH! THAT FOX, BIRD! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BLACK FIEND?



SIR JOHN RECOILED IN HORROR FROM THE BIRD AS IT RAISED IN HUMAN FORM!

SIR JOHN! YOUR END IS NEAR! I AM THE MESSENGER OF FATE! **W H A T?**

I HAVE SEEN SUCH A BIRD BEFORE! MY DEAD WIFE PAMPERED ONE UNTIL THE VICIOUS FLYING EVIL MET DEATH AT MY HANDS!

SILENCE, MY BLACK COCKATOO! PAROON, SIR JOHN! THE BIRD IS ALL-HARMLESS, BUT IT'S NOTHING TO FEAR!



APPROACH, WITH SOME STOUT MEN SURROUND THE SYRET CAMP AFTER THE FESTIVITIES ARE OVER! ROB THE BEGGARS AND BURN THEIR CAMP! AND CUT THE HEAD OFF THAT BOOZING BIRD!

ARE, SIR JOHN! THE OYPIES TAKE IT FROM THE PEASANTS AND WE TAKE IT FROM THE SYRIES!



Later, at Sir John's mansion...

AN EVELYN! SO BEAUTIFUL! SO YOUNG! 'TIS A pity YOU MET SO TRAGIC AN END! THAT BEAUTY COCKADES OF THAT REVOLVING OLD CRONE REMINDS ME OF YOU! HOW MANY TIMES I WATCHED YOU PLAY WITH YOUR BLACK-WINGED BIRD!



A FAMILIAR VOICE INTERRUPTED HIS REVERIE AND SIR JOHN WHEELED TO FACE...

YOU HAVE OTHER MEMORIES OF YOUR WIFE, SIR JOHN! LOOK DEEP INTO MY EYES AND REMEMBER! REMEMBER THAT WHICH YOU CAN'T FORGET!

NOW DID YOU SET IN HERE? I'VE JUST LEFT YOU MANY MILES AWAY!



TANTRA'S GLAZING EYES BORED INTO HIS / HE COULD NOT TEAR HIS GAZE AWAY / THE ROOM REELED, GREW BLACK, AND THEN PAVED INTO...

HEART! DO YOU COME TO TAUNT ME? IN YOUR DECADES WHINES YOU KILLED MY BROTHER AND FATHER? MY MOTHER SLAYED TO DEATH ON YOUR FARMS?

I'VE THREATENED YOU WELL, EVELYN! BROUGHT YOU HERE TO SHARE MY WEALTH... GET THIS FOUL BIRD AWAY! IT ATTACKS ME EVERY TIME I APPROACH YOU!



SHARE YOUR TARTED WEALTH! LOCKED IN LIKE A PRISONER TO SUFFER YOUR BRUTALITIES! MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS TORTURED SO YOU COULD SQUEEZE WORK OUT OF THEM... LEAVE THE BIRD ALONE!

THIS FIEND HAS CLAWED MY FACE! I'LL STRANGLE YOUR PRECIOUS FEATHERED FRIEND!



YOU'RE KILLING THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD LEFT FOR ME TO LOVE! YOU BRUHAN HONESTER!

THERE, IT IS OOME/EVELYN, MY DEAR! PEASANTS ARE LITTLE BETTER THAN ANIMALS! THEY MUST WORK! IT IS THEIR FATE!



THEN MY FATE IS TO DIE / BUT I SHALL RETURN, SIR JOHN! I SHALL RETURN AND YOU SHALL SUFFER!

EEET!!!

EVELYN, STOP! I'LL DO ANYTHING...



When Sir John's vision
HAD FAGED...

STOP / STOP!

YOU
CALLED,
SIR?



BURTON, IT'S YOU! WHERE
DO THEY HOP THE OLD STYPT?

THE BIRD?

AND... AND...

STYPT? BIRD? NO
SHE HAS BEEN HERE,
MR / ONLY YOU AND
ME!



JOHN LOOKED FEARFULLY AT
THE PORTRAIT AS HE TURNED TO
LEAVE...

THEN I MUST HAVE
IMAGINED IT--IT WAS JUST AN
EVIL DREAM / YET, THE PICTURE
OF MY WIFE SEEMS
CHANGED / DOES SHE
NOW SMILE DREADFULLY
AT ME? NO, NO! I MUST
RID MYSELF OF THESE
FRIGHTENING THOUGHTS!

ORDER IS
SERVED, SIR
JOHN!



IN THE DINING SALON, JOHN SHOOK OFF THE
DREADFUL FEELING FROM THE DREADFUL VISION / AND
THEN...

SIR JOHN / JAMES THE
BUTLER HAS CAUGHT A
POACHER / THEY'RE ON THEIR
WAY HERE NOW!

ORDER MY HORSE!
I'LL DISPATCH JAS-
TICE TO THE THIEF
ON MY WAY TO THE
STYPT PARK!



LATER A GROUP OF HORSEMEN GATHERED
UNDER A TALL TREE...

CALIST HIM RED-HANDED
I SEE, SIR JOHN / HE
STILL HAS THE BLOODY
RABBIT IN HIS POUCH!

NOW DARE YOU
STEAL FROM ME,
YOUR MASTER? YOU
KNOW THE PENALTY
FOR POACHING!
SPEAK UP, WHO ARE
YOU?



NAME'S BEN, SIR / LADY
EVELYN WAS MY COUSIN /
HAVE MERCY ON YOUR DEAD
WIFE'S RELATIVE / I
WAS SURE!

MERCY? ON A COMMON
THIEF? THE LAW SAYS
YOU'LL HANG AND
THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL
GET!



Sir John's Justice was just...

EVELYN WILL AVENGE US ALL! SHE
SHOCKS IT! SHE SAYS... EEEAA!

SILENT! SHUT
OFF THAT SCREECHING
VOICE!

BEY'S LAST WORDS SHOOK SIR JOHN, BUT HE LAUGHED HEAVILY AS HE MOOD OFF.

I'LL NOT WAIT TO SEE HIM KICK HIS LAST! I'M OFF TO THE STRYD CAMP TO FIND WHAT THESE MOTLEY BEGGARS CALL AMUSEMENT! HA HA!

I'LL SEE THAT THIS UPSTART CASHES IN HIS CHIPS PROPER! GOOD NIGHT, SIR JOHN!



THE LORD OF THE MANOR THUNDERED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS THAT SOON STILLED HIS LAUGHTER.

IT'S SO DARK! MAKES ME FAIN NERVOUS! WHY DID THAT NOT HAVE TO BE EVELYN'S COUSIN? I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT HER! IT WAS A YEAR AGO TONIGHT THAT THE... WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S THERE?



SUDDENLY THE GALET DRIFTED WITH SWIRLS SCREAMING THAT SENT THE RIDER HEADLONG THROUGH THE FOREST.

EVELYN WILL... I SHALL RETURN, AVENGE US ALL! YOU SHALL SUFFER!

NO! NO! WHY DON'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE! THOSE VOICES! I CAN'T STAND IT! STOP! YOU'RE DEAD... DEAD!



...TO DROP EXHAUSTED AT THE FAULTY STRYD CLEARING.

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! THAT TALK ABOUT EVELYN UPSET ME! STARTED ME IMAGINING THINGS! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

EH, WHAT'S THAT?

YOU HONOR OUR HUMBLE GATHERING, SIR JOHN TREVELYAN!



THE VOICE OF THE OLD STRYD WAS YOUNG AND VIBRANT. FOR A MOMENT JOHN HAD STARTLED...

DO NOT PALE SO, SIR JOHN! IT IS ONLY I, TARRA OF THE STRYDES! COME INSIDE, LET ME TELL YOUR

YOUR VOICE! IT'S LIKE A YOUNG GAY! FOR A MOMENT YOU SOUNDED LIKE ONE-- NEVER BRING I HAVE NO TIME FOR MY FORTUNE NOW!

YOUR FORTUNE! FOR A MOMENT YOU SOUNDED LIKE ONE-- NEVER BRING I HAVE NO TIME FOR MY FORTUNE NOW!

YOUR FORTUNE! FOR A MOMENT YOU SOUNDED LIKE ONE-- NEVER BRING I HAVE NO TIME FOR MY FORTUNE NOW!

YOUR FORTUNE! FOR A MOMENT YOU SOUNDED LIKE ONE-- NEVER BRING I HAVE NO TIME FOR MY FORTUNE NOW!

YOUR FORTUNE! FOR A MOMENT YOU SOUNDED LIKE ONE-- NEVER BRING I HAVE NO TIME FOR MY FORTUNE NOW!

YOUR FORTUNE! FOR A MOMENT YOU SOUNDED LIKE ONE-- NEVER BRING I HAVE NO TIME FOR MY FORTUNE NOW!

BUT SIR JOHN ENTERED THE TENT AS IF COMPELLED BY THE PERCHING EYES OF THE OLD WOMAN.

I CAN SHOW YOU YOUR BLOODY FIST, JOHN TREVELYAN! I MIGHT EVEN BRING BACK THE DEAD! OR PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE-- THE VERY NEAR FUTURE?

YOU DO HAVE EVELYN'S VOICE! YOU'RE JUST DOING THIS TO FRIGHTEN ME! YOU--YOU CAN'T BRING BACK THE DEAD!

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YOU DO HAVE EVELYN'S VOICE! YOU'RE JUST DOING THIS TO FRIGHTEN ME! YOU--YOU CAN'T BRING BACK THE DEAD!

THE GRIMOUS WORDS STRUCK DEEPER TO JOHN'S HEART AND SUDDENLY BEFORE HIS HOPPELLED EYES...

NO NEED TO BRING BACK THE DEAD, JOHN! I AM THE DEAD!

EVELYN!

EVELYN!

EVELYN!

EVELYN!

EVELYN!

EVELYN!

EVELYN!





I KNOW I'D COME BACK, JOHN! NOW YOU MUST COME WITH ME! I HAVE MUCH TO SHOW YOU!

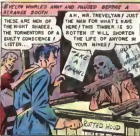
STAY, EVELYN! I MUST TALK TO YOU! COME BACK TO ME! I WANT YOU!



OUTSIDE THE TENT, JOHN RECEIVED IN HORROR AT THE HEINOUS TRANSFORMATION OF THE STAFF CAMP

COME! IS THIS NOT EXOTIC, JOHN? HERE IS A COUNTRY FAIR TO SUIT THE TASTES OF A MONSTER LIKE YOU!

WHERE ARE THE STYRES AND THE PLASANTS? FROM WHAT ARE THESE DREADFUL CREATURES?



EVELYN WHISPERED AMY AND PAUSED BEFORE A STRANGE SPOON

THESE ARE MEN OF THE NIGHT SHADES, THE FORNEMORTS OF A DAILY CONSCIENCE! LISTEN...

AH, MR. TRAVELTAN? JUST THE MAN FOR WHAT I HAVE HERE! THIS TIMBER IS SO ROTTEN IT WILL SHORTEN THE LIFE OF ANYONE IN YOUR MINES!

THE
A
SPOON

ROTTED WOOD



JOHN TURNED AWAY, FIGHTING BACK A FEELING OF REVULSION FOR THIS UGLY LITTLE MAN AND HIS MACABRE WARES

IT'LL FURNISH YOU GREAT SPORT, SIR JOHN! OR DO YOU PREFER THE SLOW DEATH OF YOUR MINES?

BE STILL, YOU FIEND! EVELYN. WAIT FOR ME! I MUST TALK TO YOU! LET ME EXPLAIN...



LOOK, JOHN! ALL YOUR PLATINUMS! YOU MUST BUY SOMETHING!

EVERYTHING TO PUNISH A PEASANT'S SOUL, HERE! WHIPS, HOOVES, RACKS, THUMBSCREWS, IRON MAJORS! ANY TORTURE, PUBLIC OR PRIVATE, SIR JOHN!



AND EVELYN AGAIN ESCAPES AS JOHN STRUGGLES IN THE GRASP OF THE EVIL, SCUM

STOP YOUR LOATHSOME CHATTER! TURN ME LOOSE, YOU... EVELYN, DON'T RUN AWAY! WHAT FASHES WHO ARE ALL THESE POOR BEASTS?

JOHN WROTE AWAY TO FURNISH THE GRAVE OF HIS DEAD WIFE, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF SURROUNDED

SEE THE DANCING PEASANTS, SIR JOHN! THEY LEARNED THIS LITTLE JOG AT A ROPE'S END AFTER YOU HANGED 'EM! SEE HOW THEY'VE MISSED YOU! CAN'T WAIT TO GET THEIR HANDS ON YOU!

DON'T LET THEM TOUCH ME AGAIN!



EVERY MAN FROM BOTH TO BRACEDOWN BOOTH, TAUNTING HIM WITH HIS CRUELTY! HIS MURDER! REACHING HANDS TO GRAB HIM AGAIN...

YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I'VE EVER LOVED / I DON'T MEAN TO DESTROY YOU! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO...

TO WHAT? PERHAPS TO STARVE ME LIKE THESE POOR CHILDREN? HERE'S A DRESSHOP FOR YOU, JOHN! THESE BAKERS WORKED YOUR FIELDS AND MINES, BUT YOU TOOK ALL THEIR FOOD!



SEE THE STARVED CHILDREN AS FOOD AND ALL MIGHT NOT HAVE TO FEAR...

THE HONOR SHOPS WERE ENDLESS...

THIS SHOULD HELP YOU, JOHN! NEW WAYS TO OPPRESS YOUR PEASANTS! TAKE ALL THEIR MONEY!

EVERYONE LET'S GET OUT OF THIS MONSTROUS PAIR! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!



TAX THEM TO DEATH SEE THE DEAD!

BUT AGAIN SHE FLEES...

SEE THE JARS, SIR JOHN-- GENUINE PICKLED BODIES! NOTE THE MONTS!... YOUR PEOPLE, MY FINE BIRL! YOUR FOOD DOES THIS TO THEM! YOU SHOULD BE MOST PROUD, YOU FURNISHED MY WHOLE EXHIBIT AND MORE!



AT LAST, JOHN CAUGHT HER...

I NEED NOT STRUGGLE WITH YOU, JOHN! I AM A FREE SOUL NOW, YOU CAN ONLY POSSESS AN EMPTY BODY! YOU CAN BREAK YOUR PEASANTS AT YOUR WILL BUT THEIR SOULS ARE THEIR OWN!

LISTEN TO ME! I'LL CHANGE I'LL DO ANYTHING!



SEE THESE GENUINE DANCING DOLLS! WATCH THEM DO THEIR DANCE OF DEATH!



LOOK AT THE DOLLS CLOSELY, JOHN! SEE YOUR FATE! THE END YOU DESERVE!

HOP IT ISN'T POSSIBLY NOT TO MEET CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME!



SCREAMING IN TERROR, JOHN FLED...



FINALLY JOHN BURST FROM THE TERROR-FILLED WOODS AND SAVED THE SAFETY OF HIS HOUSE...

THEY CAN'T GET IN! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! THOSE BEASTS OF THE DEVIL!



GOT TO HAVE SOME LIGHT! IT'S JUST A HORRIBLE DREAM! IT HAS TO BE! WHERE ARE THE SERVANTS! I'LL ROUSE THEM! MUST NEED SOME HELP! NEED LIGHTS AND PEOPLE, REAL HUMANS



AS JOHN LEFT THE ROOM...



THOSE BOBLES WILL NEVER BURN ME ALIVE!



THE FLAMES SPREAD RAPIDLY AS IF FANNED BY A BREEZE FROM HADES! JOHN WAS TRAPPED!

OH JOHN! YOUR END IS HERE! I AM THE MESSENGER OF FATE! BRWK!



I'M BURNING! EYELIN! SAVE ME! YAAH!

PEASANTS RUSHED FROM THEIR HIDEOUTS SWELLING BUT THEY WERE TOO LATE! SUDDENLY, REALIZING THEIR NEW FREEDOM, THEY DANCED WILDLY BEFORE THE FURNACE-PYRE WHILE BOBLES CHUCKLED IN THE FLUTTERING SHADOWS OF THE FOREST



THE END

my Image of EVIL



IT STARTED SLOWLY AND MYSTERIOUSLY
ABOUT RELATING A SERIES OF STRANGE
ACCIDENTS TO ONE CAUSE. A MAN IN
SPRING WAS FOUND DEAD IN FRONT
OF HIS HOUSE MONDAY.



A REPORT BY JAMES EARL RAY, JANUARY 1968
 FILLED IN IN FRONT OF A POLICE OFFICER
 IN 1968, WHILE ON TRIAL...



A MOVIE QUEEN WAS KILLED WHEN HER HOLLYWOOD GLASS CEILING TUMBLED DOWN INTO HER LOUNGE BEDDON!



NORSEY RELATED THESE, AND MANY OTHER SIMILAR DEATHS, ALL ONE DAY A MAN NAMED CRANFORD NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE WHILE HE WAS DRESSING



HIS MIND WAS GOING ONE THING WHILE HE WAS DOING ANOTHER!



THIS IS CRAZY / I'M SEEING THINGS!



THAT'S CORRECT, MR. CRANFORD, YOU ARE SEEING THINGS, ME!

CRANFORD: H—NOW I'M HEARING THINGS! I MUST BE GOING CRAZY!



NATURALLY, MR. CRANFORD, MAN'S CIVILIZATION GETS CRAZIER WITH EACH CENTURY! MAY, WITH EACH DECADE! FOR INSTANCE, WHY DO MEN CALL CRAZY WHAT THEY JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND?

CRANFORD: IT—IT'S WALKING OUT OF THE MIRROR!



NOT "IT", MR. CRANFORD... ME! ALL HUMANS HAVE AN IMAGE! THESE IMAGES, AS YOU SEE, HAVE EXISTENCE! TAKE A PEER AT THE MIRROR! NOW, MR. CRANFORD!

TH—THERE'S NO IMAGE! IT'S GONE! I—I SEE NOTHING!



BECAUSE I AM HERE INSTEAD OF THERE! IMAGES OF MEN HAVE EXISTED SINCE PRIMITIVE MAN FIRST SAW HIS REFLECTION ON A SMOOTH CAVE WALL!

THIS IS MAD / MAD! I'M DREAMING THIS! IT—IT MUST BE A MANSOON!



LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, MR. CRANFORD, YOU ARE THE EAST'S LEADING TECHNICAL EXPERT ON GLASS—MORE SPECIFICALLY, THE HARDENING OF GLASS INTO PLATE GLASS OF INCALCULABLE STRENGTH!

W—WHAT DID I DO? THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! THINGS LIKE THIS DON'T HAPPEN! I'M LOSING MY MIND!

LISTEN CLOSELY, CRAMPFORD---
OR YOU'LL LOSE YOUR LIFE / A
CATASTROPHE HAS HAPPENED IN
THE GLASS WORLD / OUR CLIMATE
HAS CHANGED SUDDENLY / IT HAS
BECOME UNBEARABLY HOT / NEXT,
AS YOU KNOW, CRACKS GLASS.



THEREFORE WE MUST EMIGRATE--
ALL TWO BILLION OF US--THE
EXACT POPULATION OF THE EARTH--
BEFORE WE ARE MELTED
TO DEATH / SAY /
PUT THAT CHAIR
DOWN /



I'VE HEARD
ENOUGH / I'VE
KNOWN TOO MANY
HOURS NOW /

NO! NO! DON'T / I'M THE
ONLY MAN YOU'VE GOT /
EEEEAAHHH!!



IT'S SMASHED INTO A MILLION
PIECES / IT C- CAN'T BE JUST
A DREAM / THE PIECES OF
GLASS ARE ALL OVER
THE FLOOR /



WELL CRAMPFORD /
HE'S MURDERED /
HE'S MURDERED
HIS IMAGE /

I- WHO - WHAT ARE
YOU? STAY AWAY
FROM ME / GET
AWAY /



BORRY, CRAMPFORD /
YOU'RE COMING WITH US /
INTO THE GLASS WORLD /
TAKE HIM, MEN /

NEVER / YOU'LL
NEVER TAKE ME /
I'LL KILL THE
LOT OF YOU /



THERE'S WHY WE NEED
CRAMPFORD / WE GLASS MEN
CAN BE SMASHED AT A
BLOW / WE MUST BECOME HARD
AS STEEL / ONLY CRAMPFORD
CAN MAKE US HARD /

WE CAN'T EMIGRATE INTO THE
OUTER WORLD UNLESS WE'RE
STRONG ENOUGH TO RESIST A
COUNTER ATTACK / CAPTURE
CRAMPFORD / IT'S A MATTER
OF LIFE AND DEATH /



STAY AWAY---
EEEEAAAAH!!

SHOT HIM!



QUICK! PULL HIM THROUGH THE MIRROR! SOMEONE'S COMING!

MR. CRANFORD! I HEARD SHOUTS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



WHEN THE HAIR AND BUTLER ENTERED THE ROOM...

HE'S GONE! WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO HIM? WHERE'D ALL THE BLAME COME FROM?

I—I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL!

SHORTLY AFTER, BILL CRANFORD CAME TO... IN THE GLASS WORLD!

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR STRUNG, CRANFORD! OUR WORLD IS THE EXACT IMAGE OF YOURS, EXCEPT THAT OURS IS MADE OF GLASS--PEOPLE, MACHINES, BUILDINGS. EARTH--ALL OF GLASS!

IT--IT'S INCREDIBLE!



WHAT'S MORE INCREDIBLE IS THAT OUR GLASS WORLD IS BURNING! HEAT OF OVER-CONCENTRATED INTENSITY IS DESTROYING US! EVEN NOW OUR STREETS AND BUILDINGS ARE CRACKING WIDE OPEN! COME WITH ME!

OUR HOSPITALS ARE CROWDED WITH PATIENTS! OUR UNDERTAKERS ARE THE BUSIEST PEOPLE ON THE LAND! AND THINGS WILL GROW WORSE AS THE THERMOMETER RISES! WE CAN'T STOP IT!

ONLY YOU CAN STOP IT, CRANFORD! YOU CAN SAVE US!



WE'VE GOT TO OCCUPY YOUR EARTH! BUT WE CAN'T MOVE IN UNLESS YOU DISCOVER SOME CHEMICAL PROCESS TO HARDEN US!

THERE'S NO ROOM FOR 8,000,000,000 MORE PEOPLE--GLASS OR FLESH! OUR ECONOMY, OUR SOCIETY WILL BE WRECKED!



EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY IT MUST BE EITHER YOU OR US! YOU CREATURES OF FLESH MUST DIE SO THAT WE CAN LIVE!

YOU MUST LET US MARCH INTO YOUR WORLD, IM-PERVIOUS TO BLOOD AND BULLETS! BULLET-PROOF GLASS, CRANFORD!





YOU WANT ME
TO SEAL THE
DOOM OF MY
PEOPLE SO
THAT YOU
CAN SURVIVE?
WHAT IF I
REFUSE?

YOU WILL DIE,
CRANFORD / AS
OTHERS WHO HAVE
REFUSED OUR
DEMANDS HAVE
DIED BEFORE
YOU / AN ENGINEER
IN SPOKANE, A
FEMALE CHEMIST IN
MIAMI AND SO ON /
DOZENS HAVE DIED FOR
MOKING OUR WILL /



REFUSE TO
HELP US AND
WE WILL KILL
YOU AND SO
AFTER ANOTHER
GLASS EXPERT /
IN THE END,
WE ARE BOUND
TO FRIGHTEN
ONE INTO
HELPING US /

I'VE GOT TO
TRICK THEM OR
I'M DOOMED /
THE WHOLE
EARTH IS
DOOMED /
(GASP!) Y—
YOU WIN /
I'LL HELP
YOU /



I'LL NEED A LARGE
LABORATORY, CHEMICALS
I WILL PREPARE A BATH
WHICH WILL HARDEN
YOUR GLASS BODIES
UPON IMMERSION.

EXCELLENT.
AS
LEADER
OF THE
GLASS
WORLD I
CONGRATULATE
YOU UPON YOUR
COMMON SENSE
IN COOPERATING
WITH US /



THAT RIGHT.

MY JOB IS DONE.
YOUR MEN HAVE ONLY
TO EXPERIMENT WITH
MY FORMULA.

GOOD / YOU MEN --
QUICKLY / --INTO THE
TUB / YOU SHOULD
EMERGE AS HARD AS
STEEL /

YES /
YES /



(GASP!) --T- THEY ARE BEING
CRACKED TO DEATH / W-WHAT
DOES IT MEAN?

SNAP

CRACKK



IT MEANS--YOU'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR A
BARKER / I WOULDN'T TURN YOU DEVILS
LOOSE IN MY WORLD IF YOU CARRIED ME
LIKE A TURKEY /



STAND STILL, PAL / I CAN
CRASH YOUR BODY LIKE AN
EGGSHELL UNLESS YOU CALL
OFF YOUR GLASS BODIES
AND LET ME RETURN
TO MY WORLD /

STAY WHERE YOU
ARE, MEN / HE CAN
KILL ME /



THIS IS POLISH, CRANFORD! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! HE'LL CLAIM YOU—THE SECOND YOU FEEL AT ANY MIRROR / FOR YOUR ONE AND ONLY IMAGE LIES DEAD—BY YOUR OWN HAND!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES! I'VE BORN NO OTHER GLASS. NO-ONE WILL BE CAPTURED TO DO YOUR BIDDING!



SWEAR, GURSE YOU! SWEAR!

[GASP] I-I SWEAR IT! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! YOU'LL SOON BE AT OUR MERCY—ONCE YOU LOOK AT A MIRROR AGAIN!



HOW YOU'LL TORTURE YOURSELF TO AVOID LOOKING AT A REFLECTING SURFACE!

NONE! I DON'T BELIEVE THAT THING! NOW TAKE ME OUT OF HERE!

THIS WAY!



WELL THEY'RE SO SURE OF THEMSELVES, I'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES OF LOOKING AT A MIRROR OR GLASS OR SILVER!

YOUR TORTURE'S BEHIND ME, CRANFORD! YOU FEAR TO SEE YOUR REFLECTION! I DON'T BLAME YOU! WAIT TILL WE GET OUR HANDS ON YOU AGAIN!



MINUTES LATER... MR. CRANFORD! WHERE WERE YOU?

NEVER WERE, AGGIE! MAXWELL! BLACK OUT ALL WINDOWS IN THE HOUSE! GET RID OF ALL THE GLASSWARE—EVERYTHING WITH A POLISHED SURFACE! BUT BE A FEW OF BLACK GLASSES—IMMEDIATELY!



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, CRANFORD'S FRIENDS AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATES THOUGHT HE'D GONE INSANE! AND NO WONDER!

I DON'T LOOK! MY IMAGE IS DEAD! I KILLED MY IMAGE!

NO POLISH, AGGIE! NO POLISH! YOU'LL KILL ME!

A MAN HAS ONLY ONE IMAGE! IF I SEE MYSELF AGAIN, I'M LOST! THEY'LL GET ME!



HIS WEIRD BEHAVIOR GREW EVEN STRANGER. AGGIE'S FIANCÉE H-SORTED THAT HE WAS A PSYCHIATRIST!

OUT OF MY MIND, YOU MORONS! I TOLD YOU I MIGHT NOT LOOK AT REFLECTING SURFACES! OUT WITH THOSE LIGHTS! DOWN WITH THAT APPARATUS! THE GLASS PEOPLE WILL INVADE US!

I REGRET TO SAY IT, MISS ANDERS. BUT CRANFORD IS ABSOLUTELY MAD!

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#24

IN 1898, THE DISCOVERY OF A JEWELLED NECKLACE BY BRITISH ARCHEOLOGISTS IN THE TOMB OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS, CAUSED A STIR OF EXCITEMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. THIS NECKLACE HAD BEEN THE SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY FOR MANY YEARS. STUDENTS OF THE OCCULT BELIEVED IT WAS A SUPERNATURAL OBJECT WHICH BROUGHT DEATH TO ANY PERSON WEARING IT. THE DISCOVERY OF THE NECKLACE ONLY BROUGHT INTO SHARPER FOCUS THIS BIZARRE BELIEF...



WORTHY LOOK! THAT FABULOUS EGYPTIAN NECKLACE! AND I ALWAYS BELIEVED IT WAS JUST A FICTITIOUS TALE!

THE POSITION OF THE NECKLACE AROUND THE MUMMY'S NECK... IT-IT ORDERED HER TO DEATH!



THE NECKLACE WAS BROUGHT BACK TO LONDON AND PLACED ON EXHIBIT IN THE MUSEUM. YEARS LATER, TWO PEOPLE STOPPED AT THE DISPLAY...

CHARLIE, THAT NECKLACE IS BEAUTIFUL! IF I ONLY COULD...

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, DEARIE. I'VE PLANNED A ROBBERY AND THAT'S GOING TO BE IT!



ROBBERY...

I'VE GOT IT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THIS WAY, CHARLIE. THERE'S NO GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE!



MAYHAW BOOD THEIR ESCAPE, THE THIEVES RETURNED TO THEIR ROOM TO STUDY THEIR LOOT...

THERE'S ENOUGH DOUGH HERE TO PUT US ON EASY STREET FOR LIFE!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, CHARLIE. LET ME WEAR IT FOR A MOMENT!

AS THE WOMAN PUT THE CURSED NECKLACE AROUND HER NECK, IT STARTED TO GLOW IN AN EERIE, BURNING BLAZE. SHE SEEMED TO GEMMATE FROM THE NECKLACE AS IT SLOWLY THROTTLED ABOUT ITS VICTIM'S THROAT...



CHARLIE... HELP... I'M CHOKING... AAARGH!!

CHARLIE WATCHED HELPLESSLY IN FROZEN TERROR AS THE AWE-SOME NECKLACE SWAPPED OUT THE WOMAN'S LIFE! THE POLICE ARRIVED TO FIND A BARELY ALIVE WOMAN LYING ON THE GROUND. THE CURSED JEWELLED NECKLACE CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM AFTER CENTURIES OF ENTOMBMENT! ANOTHER STRANGE TALE IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE END

THE JADE IDOL

For the third time that evening, Larry Ireland got up from his couch, and walked over to the fireplace. He took the small carved jade idol off of the mantle, and looked at it carefully. He turned and looked around the room nervously, as if afraid that some one was watching. The idol looked the same as it had looked that day that he took it from the dirty little Javanese temple. The ugly features loomed at him, almost seeming to mock him. For a few moments he stood there, and then he laughed loudly, as if to convince himself of something, and put the idol back in its place. He could have sworn that he had seen it move, but that, of course, was impossible.

He had been back in his quiet San Francisco home for less than a week. It had been good to get back. He had welcomed the opportunity to go with the Adelman expedition to Indonesia, but he had been glad to return from the extended trip, which had lasted nearly a year. It would have lasted longer, except for what had happened.

Larry Ireland was not an anthropologist, as was Professor Adelman, but he had spent most of his adult life as a hunter and sportsman, and was a valuable member of the expedition. When his finances had run low, he had been glad of the chance to pursue his hobby, on a salary! And he had never been to the Pacific Area before, which made Professor Adelman's offer especially attractive.

They had spent three weeks in the Philippines, and then had taken a freighter to Surabak, in Borneo. After two weeks, they had gone to Semarra for a month, and had ended up in Java. It was in a little village, out far from Bandung, that he had found the idol. He remembered the circumstances very well. He knew that he could never forget them. . . .

It was on one of the typical hot steamy evenings, after the evening meal. Professor Adelman was, as usual, sitting in his tent, making his personal notes on the day's activity. It was a time that drove Larry almost crazy. It was all right during the day, when he had his hands full keeping the Professor from walking off the edge of cliffs, getting lost in the jungle, or blundering into the den of wild animals; but the nights were overwhelmingly dull and uncomfortable. He had been lying on his back, trying to read some old magazines, but it had proved impossible. He had gotten up, and walked over to the Professor's tent. Adelman looked up as he entered.

"Hello, Professor," Larry had said. "I think I'll walk over to the native village, and take a look around."

The professor had looked grave. "Be careful, Larry," he had said. Larry remembered well his stupid, boastful answer.

"They'd better be careful of me! I'm hanging onto this gun, and if any of those gods try and mess with me, I'll let him have it!"

"Don't do anything silly, Larry. And don't try and steal anything! These people are Shoko's—ecological fanatics. If an outsider even *touches* one of their jade idols, he's practically signed his death warrant!"

Larry had laughed at the old man's warning, but after leaving him, he had checked his gun carefully, to make sure that there would be no slip up if it was needed in a hurry.

The Shoko village was small and dirty, hardly even deserving to be called a village. He flashed his light on the mud huts and the crude wooden structures. The people looked at him respectfully, but no move was made in his direction. He flashed the light on his gun several times, so that they could see that he meant business. As he turned, disappointed with his visit and starting to return to the camp, he noticed a small, low-coofed building, set apart from the others. In addition to its physical separation, it was distinguished for its strange beauty—a striking contrast with the other dwellings. He walked closer to it, and saw that a light was burning in the far end. The fire lit up the interior—illuminating the most beautiful and fantastic sight he had ever witnessed.

Jade! Everywhere there was jade. Jade lions . . . tigers . . . dogs . . . snakes . . . and idols. A huge idol grinned at him from the far end of the little temple. Two small idols flanked the door, and others beamed from the floor and walls. Jade! Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of it!

Larry Ireland stood there for several minutes, awestruck by the richness before him, not noticing the small, close-set eyes staring at him from the darkness. He knew that the small room contained a fortune in jade; if it could be taken back to the United States. Several plans raced through his head. They had no facilities to carry it out of the jungle, and besides, he knew that the Professor would never

allow it. He could only take what few pieces he could struggle out in his baggage, but he would mark the spot on a map, and someday he would come back. He laughed harshly, and muttered—half aloud, and half to himself—"I'll never have to work again! Never! I'll be able to live anywhere I want. Do anything . . ."

His words were cut short by a fierce pain in his right shoulder, and he whirled around to see the squat man with the beady eyes, holding a blow gun to his thick lips. Before the little man could fire another dart, Larry had spun around and blasted him with his gun. He could hear an excited babble, and the patter of many feet racing across the hard-packed road toward the little temple. He dashed quickly to the door, but saw immediately that it would be impossible to escape the way he had come. Looking quickly about him, Larry had grabbed up the only piece of jade that he could fit in his pocket—the small *gany* idol—and had kicked a hole in the jungle wall and escaped into the jungle.

When he got back to camp and told the Professor what had happened, Adelman's eyes had turned wide from fear and anger. "You crazy fool!" he had cried, and had immediately started packing up their few belongings. They roused their guides, and moved rapidly out of the jungle, before the natives had discovered where they were. A few hours later, they had arrived in Bandung—and safety.

Realizing the danger of going back into the domain of the accused natives, Professor Adelman had cut the trip short, and they had taken the next available boat to San Francisco. A deft operation by the Professor, plus the shot Larry had taken before leaving the States, prevented the dart wound from becoming serious. Larry had never told him about the small jade idol.

As their expedition had already provided the Professor with the information he needed, he soon forgave Larry for his foolish act. After they had gotten on the boat, he told Larry something more about the followers of the Sholeo cult.

"As I told you, Larry, they're fanatics. They hate anyone that is not of their tribe—even other natives. Their gods are all-powerful and vengeful, and they believe they may kill to appease them. You probably saw some jade idols—or what *seemed* to be idols. They believe that these idols are the gods themselves, not just the symbols of the gods. Once the jade has been carved in the likeness of a god, they believe that he actually becomes a god, and can come alive at will!"

Larry interrupted him with a scornful laugh. "That's ridiculous, Professor! I'm surprised that you

repeat such superstitious drivel!"

"I'm not a superstitious man, Larry," he said grimly. "You know that. But I've heard very convincing stories from people that I know to be reliable. Too convincing to be brushed aside with a laugh." He paused, deep in worried thought. "You're a realist, Larry," he said. "You wouldn't believe me."

Larry was surprised at the strange sound of his voice. "I wouldn't throw away one of these idols just because of some legends," he said.

The professor turned quickly toward him, looking at him closely.

"Did you take one of the idols?" he asked.

Larry laughed nervously. "No! I'd have liked one, all right, but those goons chased me out of there too fast!"

As he spoke, he was fingering the piece of hard carved green jade in the pocket of his jacket. Even then, he had thought that he felt it twitch, but he had laughed again. The imagination plays strange tricks, he had thought.

After his return to San Francisco, Larry had parted with the Professor, and had forgotten—or tried to forget—the stories about the Sholeo cult and its eerie beliefs. He had contacted several jewelers, in an attempt to sell the small idol, but he had not received what he considered to be a satisfactory offer. He had an appointment the next day with an obscure jeweler, who had represented definite interest in their telephone conversation, and had said it might be worth as much as \$50,000! Larry ended, thinking of the fortune awaiting him in the Indonesian jungle.

He put aside his book, and started for the kitchen to replenish his drink, forgetting the heady-eyed stater squating on his mantle. He was only gone a few moments, and as he walked back into his den, he was surprised to notice that the lights had gone out. May be a blown fuse, he thought, and fit around for a place to put his drink while he went down to the basement to check the fuse box. As he bent over, groping for the table, the room was suddenly lighted by a luminous green glow. Larry's blood turned cold, and he looked up into the huge living face of the jade idol. He tried to scream.

A body was found two days later by the cleaning women. While identification was difficult, it was finally proved beyond a doubt that the horribly mutilated form had been Larry's. The police followed up every lead, but found nothing. Their best clue was the prints of two large naked feet outside the house, but their investigation turned up nothing. The jade idol was never seen again.



A LITTLE FOND
AND THIS WILL BE
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
HOUSE IN TOWN!
YOU'RE GETTING A
REAL BARGAIN!

OH, SURE! BUT
THE VILLAGERS SAY
YOU COULDN'T PAY
THEM TO LIVE HERE!
DORA AND I WONDERED
WHAT HAPPENED TO
ALL THE OTHER
TENANTS AND WHY
THE STONES SPIN UP
AROUND THE HOUSE.

QUIET STALKS ^{the} UNDEAD FIEND

WHEN LEWIS AND DORA RADCLIFF HAD TO FIND A HOUSE OUTSIDE THE CITY BECAUSE OF DORA'S HEALTH, THEY FINALLY SETTLED FOR THE OLD FORTZ HOUSE, WHICH WAS BOTH CHEAP AND AVAILABLE AT ONCE. THE LAST KURTZ HAD DIED OVER SEVENTY YEARS BEFORE AND THE HOUSE SEEMED UNABLE TO KEEP A TENANT. THE YOUNG RADCLIFFS TRIED TO IGNORE THE STRANGE TALES THEY HEARD ABOUT THE HOUSE, BUT THEY COULD NOT DOWN THEIR APPREHENSIONS. . .

THOSE STORIES ARE RIDICULOUS! WALDO BURTZ WAS AN ARISTOCRAT--- BUT AN ECCENTRIC RECLUSE--- AND YOU KNOW HOW SMALL TOWNS ARE / HIS NEIGHBORS MADE UP ALL SORTS OF TALES ABOUT HIM--- AND THOSE TALES HAVE CLUNG TO THE HOUSE THROUGH THE YEARS.

WELL, WE'VE TAKEN THE HOUSE AND WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE HOW WE LIKE IT!

WHEN WE DO IT UP, I GUESS IT WILL LOOK BETTER.

HERE ARE THE KEYS. ONE DOOR IN THE CELLAR IS LOCKED, WE HAVE NO KEY FOR IT. I UNDERSTAND THERE'S JUST SOME OLD FURNITURE IN IT THAT BELONGED TO THE KURTZ FAMILY.



JOE DORA AND LEWIS APPROACHED THE HOUSE A PAIR OF STRANGERS, EYE EYES WATCHED THEM...

EEE/LEWIS! SOMEONE IS IN THE HOUSE! THEY'RE WATCHING US FROM BEHIND THOSE SHUTTERS!

EEEOOWW!

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, HONEY! IT'S ONLY A BAT! LOTS OF OLD HOUSES HAVE THEM!

HEH...HEH...ONCE AGAIN, FOR A SHORT WHILE, I SHALL NOT BE LONELY!



UEN! HASTY OLD THERE'S NOPE THERE AIN'T OTHERS AROUND!

THEY USUALLY STAY IN DARK SPOTS AND COME OUT AT NIGHT. THAT ONE IS SOME DORA IN THE CELLAR.

WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE MAN WITH OUR FURNITURE, I'LL TRY TO FIND IT AND KILL IT SO IT WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE. YOU STAY UPSTAIRS!

I'D RATHER COME WITH YOU, LEW!



I BETTER GET ONE OF THESE BOARDS TO KILL THE BAT IF I SEE IT!

THAT MUST BE THE OLD EDITIONSOM THE REAL-ESTATE AGENT TOLD US ABOUT.

IF THERE REALLY IS OLD FURNITURE IN THERE IT SEEMS A WASTE TO LET IT ROT. WE DON'T HAVE HALF ENOUGH THINGS TO FILL THE BIG HOUSE -- MAYBE THERE'S STUFF IN THERE WE COULD USE.

THAT'S AN IDEA, LEW! THIS BOARD WAS SCARCELY EVEN NAILS ON. IT JUST LIFTED OFF.



THE AIR WAS FORGOTTEN FOR A MOMENT. LEWIS FOUND A MUSTY CLOTH, AND WIPING OFF THE REST OF THE BOARD, PULLED OPEN THE DOOR.



THERE WE ARE!

IT WAS TRUE! THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH OLD FURNITURE—BUT THERE WERE OTHER THINGS, TOO! THE FIRST THING LEWIS FLASHLIGHT REVEALED SPUN...



A--A COFFIN! OH--OH!



WELL, AT LEAST IT'S EMPTY!



I SHAKED, BUT LOOK! SKELETONS! I--LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--AWAY FROM THIS DREADFUL HOUSE!

WHAT KIND OF A DEAL DID WE GET INTO? WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT REAL ESTATE AGENT!



O--W--W--

HERE! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

DO NOT BE FRIGHTENED OF ME. I AM ONLY NUTTY.



I WORK IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. I KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS HOUSE. I'LL WORK FOR YOU. YOU MUST NOT LEAVE.

IF YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS HOUSE--DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT ROOM---AND WHAT'S IN THERE?



HEH... HAH! YOU MEAN THE COFFIN AND THE SKELETONS? YES, YES--- I'VE HEARD ABOUT THEM IT IS NOTHING! MR. KURTZ WAS ECCENTRIC, THEY SAY. COLLECTING THINGS AMUSED HIM, BUT THEY BURIED HIM IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD SEVENTY YEARS AGO. WHY SHOULD YOU FEAR WHAT HE LEFT BEHIND?



WELL, THAT MAKES SENSE, I GUESS.

NO! I'M AFRAID! I WANT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE RIGHT AWAY!

THEY HAVE MOVED YOUR FURNITURE. THE MOVING MEN ARE UPSTAIRS. I WILL CLEAR OUT THE ROOM FOR YOU--LOOK THE DOOR AWAY--AND YOU CAN FORGET IT!

AND SO, IN SPITE OF DONA'S PROTESTS, THE YOUNG AMULETTS REMAINED IN THE HOUSE.

I GROW MORE AFRAID OF THIS PLACE EVERY DAY, LEWIS. AND THAT HORRIBLE WALLY! HOW DO YOU KNOW HE CLEARED OUT THAT ROOM AND GOT RID OF THAT TERRIBLE COFFIN AND THOSE SKELETONS?

WALLY HAS BEEN A BIG HELP, DONA-- AND YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GET OVER YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THE HOUSE. WE BANK ALL OUR MONEY INTO IT.



AS FOR THE STOREROOM, I'M SURE WALLY CLEARED IT. THE DOOR IS LOCKED AND BARRED AGAIN. AND IF WALLY SHOWS UP TOMORROW I'LL HAVE HIM CATCH THAT BAT WE SAW THE DAY WE MOVED IN.

I—I KNOW IT'S STILL AROUND. I HEAR STRANGE RUSTLING SOUNDS IN THE ROOMS AT NIGHT.



HE...HEH...YES, I AM STILL AROUND! AND IT IS ALMOST TIME TO EAT...TO FEAST AGAIN ON WARM YOUNG BLOOD!



I KNOW YOU THINK I'M CRAZY, LEW-- BUT I'D RATHER YOU CAUGHT THAT BAT. AND CHECK ON THE STOREROOM TOMORROW YOURSELF. I DON'T WANT WALLY AROUND HERE. HE OWES ME THE CREEPS.



THE POOR GUY CAN'T HELP THE WAY HE LOOKS.

MAINE NOT. BUT I ASKED ABOUT HIM IN TOWN---AND NOBODY EVER HEARD OF HIM. THEY LOOKED AT ME FUNNY WHEN I ASKED. AND ONE OF THE WOMEN ASKED ME IF WE HAD HEARD THAT OLD HALLOO KURTZ WAS A VAMPIRE!



SHE MUST HAVE BEEN KIDDING!

NO, SHE WASN'T! AND THERE ARE SUCH THINGS! I'VE READ ABOUT THEM! SOMETIMES THEY STEAL THEIR OWN COFFINS AND HIDE THEM IN A PLACE THEY LIKE BETTER THAN THE CEMETERY---AND THEN THEY CARRY THEIR VICTIMS THERE.



MAINE THAT COFFIN IN THE BASEMENT--- AIIIEEEEE!

DONA! THAT THING--- A GIANTIC BAT!





YOU--YOU FILTHY
MORSEIN!



W--WHAT HAPPENED?
OR-- I REMEMBER--
THAT--THAT CREATURE--
MY THROAT--OH!

BE STILL, DARLING!
IT'S DONE! I'LL TAKE
YOU TO THE DOCTOR
RIGHT AWAY.

LATER, IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

DOCTORS ARE NOT SUPPOSED
TO BELIEVE IN SUPERNATURAL
CREATURES-- BUT THERE HAVE
BEEN MANY STRANGE DEATHS
HERE WHERE THE VICTIMS HAVE
BEEN COMPLETELY DRAINED OF
BLOOD FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME.
IT'S A VAMPIRE BUT YOUR WIFE
HAD A LUCKY ESCAPE.



THE NEXT DAY WHILE DOING
HARVESTING, LEWIS TOOK A
WALK TO THE OLD CEMETERY

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS
VAMPIRE STUFF. IT'S CRAZY.
AND YET-- I WONDER, THERE
HE IS-- HE DIED SEVENTY
YEARS AGO.



GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE, LEWIS
DECIDED TO CONTINUE HIS
WIFE'S INVESTIGATIONS.



I'M GLAD
WALLY DON'T
SHOW UP TODAY.
NOW I'LL FIND OUT
IF HE REALLY
CLEANED OUT THIS
PLACE.

WHY, THE DIRT LUMP! EVERYTHING IS
JUST AS IT WAS BEFORE! BUT THE
COFFIN NOW IS CLOSED (AND THERE
ON THE TOP, THE INSCRIPTION IS
JUST LIKE IT WAS ON THE GRAVE--
"WALDO HUNT"--HIS--1883.



EVERYTHING WITHIN LEWIS WISHED HIM NOT TO OPEN THE
COFFIN--BUT SOMETHING STRONGER THAN HIS FEAR MADE
HIS SHAKING HANDS LIFT THE LID

YIIEEE... IT'S WALLY!
HE'S DEAD! AND
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH
HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR A
LONG TIME!



LEWIS DETERMINED TO CONCEAL HIS SHOCKING DISCOVERY. LOCKING THE CELLAR DOOR, HE WENT UPSTAIRS WITH THE VOW THAT THIS WOULD BE THEIR LAST MEET IN THIS HOUSE.

DORA / WHAT ARE YOU COMING UP?

I FEEL FINE, LEWIS... AND IN SPITE OF WHAT HAPPENED I DON'T SEEM TO BE AT ALL AFRAID. I FEEL AS THOUGH I BELONG HERE.

YOU MUST TELL ME SUFFERING FROM SHOCK, DARLING WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE... WE'RE LEAVING TOMORROW MORNING.

I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LEAVING THIS HOUSE, LEWIS. YOU ARE BEING SILLY.

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY DORA HAS CHANGED SO. IT IS PART OF THE STRANGE MONK OF THIS HOUSE. BUT WE'RE LEAVING HERE TOMORROW—NO MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS.

BUT THAT NIGHT AFTER DORA HAD ASLEEP, LEWIS DETERMINED TO SATISFY HIS OWN MORAL CURIOSITY.

O—I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF THE REAL WALDO BURTS IS HERE.

AN EMPTY BOX THAT HELD THE COFFIN / THE— THE COFFIN IS GONE!

HEH / HEH / OF COURSE THE COFFIN IS GONE, FOOL / AFTER THEY BURIED ME HERE— I CARRIED MY COFFIN BACK TO MY OWN HOUSE / I AM THE REAL WALDO BURTS / YOU SAW ME TODAY RESTING IN MY COFFIN.

GAINING STRENGTH FROM WHAT LITTLE BLOOD I GOT LAST NIGHT.

BECAUSE VAMPIRES ARE AMONG THE LIVING DEAD—AND WALDO BURTS WAS A VAMPIRE, ALL HIS NEIGHBORS SUSPECTED TOO BAD THEY DID NOT TAKE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST MY RETURN / BUT EACH NEW TENANT LEARNS—EVEN THOUGH HE DOES NOT LIVE /

A H Y A A A A

WHAT / ANOTHER CREATURE LIKE MYSELF /

AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET AWAY, I— I MUST GET BACK AND BAR THE HOUSE BEFORE THIS FIERD CAN GET TO DORA AGAIN /



NOW I KNOW YOU ARE ONE WHO
I ATTACKED LAST NIGHT-- BUT
DID NOT FINISH! AND THOSE WHOSE
FLESH IS PIERCED BY A VAMPIRE
AND DO NOT DIE, BECOME
VAMPIRES THEMSELVES!

HEY I
SUSPECTED
THAT WAS
WHAT HAD
HAPPENED
TO ME!



MY WHOLE NATURE HAS CHANGED. NOW
I CAN LIVE FOREVER--ON THE FLESH
AND BLOOD OF OTHERS! THAT WHICH WAS
BORN YOUR DOOM--SHALL BE MINE. A
VAMPIRE CAN END ANOTHER VAMPIRE'S
EXISTENCE BY DRINKING ITS BLOOD! AND
YOU ARE OLD--YOU ARE NOT STRONG
ENOUGH TO RESIST ME!

NO I
NO I
EE
EY
HH!



WITH AN UNEXPECTED SWING,
WALDO HUNT! BECAME A
BLOODHOUND COMET THAT WOULD
NEVER AGAIN KISS THE EARTH
ON AROUND THE DIVINE
BAMBIER FORM...

THEY WILL
FIND YOU HERE IN
THE GRAVE WHERE
THEY PUT YOU SO
LONG AGO. AND
THE TIME-- YOU
WILL STAY!



QUICKLY GONE, FEELING NO
PAIN, FLEW BACK TO THE
VOICE...

DORRYPULL DOWN
THE WINDOW! I'VE GAINED
ALL THE DOORS DOWNSTAIRS
AND I'LL BAR THE ONE. HE
CAN'T POSSIBLY GET
IN... AND I HAVE
THIS STICK!

I'M GLAD
YOU'VE
GAINED
THE DOOR,
LEW!



IT WILL TAKE IT HARDER FOR
YOU TO GET AWAY FROM ME! I
NEED YOUR BLOOD, LEW! YOUR
BLOOD-- IT GOOD WHEN!

YOU--YOU--
WHY, YOU'RE
-- WHAT IS--



I'VE GAINED THE STICK,
I READ SOMEWHERE
THAT A POINTED STICK
OF MOUNTAIN ASH THROUGH
THE HEART OF A VAMPIRE
WOULD END ITS LIFE!

YES... YES... IT IS
TRUE! AND DO NOT
GRIEVE, LEW! I-- I'M
MISERY AGAIN--
BUT BURN THIS
MONSTER. DESTROY
ITS EVIL FOREVER.



MY POOR DORRY
THAT WRETCHED
HOUSE HAS
CLAIMED ITS
LAST VICTIM!

THE END

OUR MARINES' LIFELINE to the sea was in danger. A Communist force of 4,000 men had seized the key hill overlooking Hagaru-ri in the desperate Chosin Reservoir fighting. The hill had to be taken. But there were no combat forces available.

Lieutenant Colonel Myers, then a major, rallied together clerks, cooks, and other service personnel, and led a makeshift unit of 250 men in an assault up the snow-covered 600-foot hill. Lacking combat officers and non-coms, Colonel Myers ranged the entire attacking front, leading his outnumbered forces upward in the face of murderous fire concentrated on him. After 14 hours of struggle, the enemy was routed, the hill captured, and the route to the sea secured. Colonel Myers says:

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**Lt. Colonel
Reginald R. Myers, USMC
Medal of Honor**



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